

1920

1921

THE

SEASON'S

GREETINGS

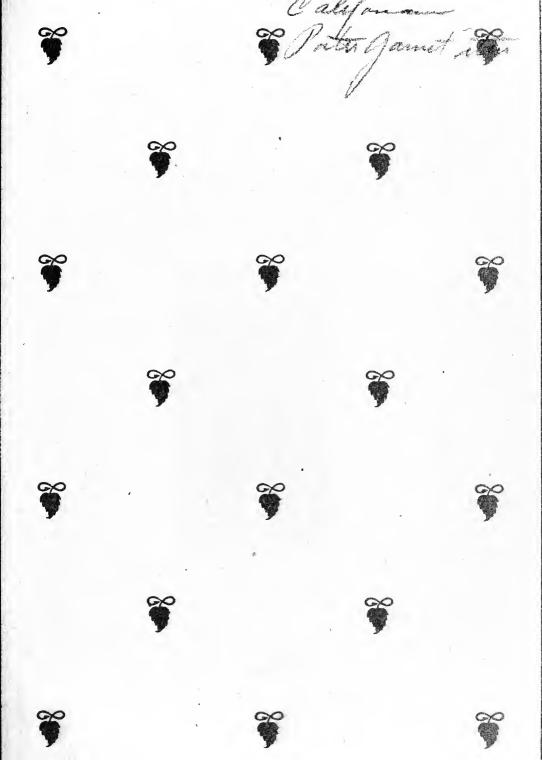
FROM

H.S.CROCKER CO., INC



SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA U. S. A.





23'8177-(176-(47)****

.





Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2007 with funding from Microsoft Corporation





AWARDED THE EMILY CHAMBERLAIN COOK PRIZE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, 1920

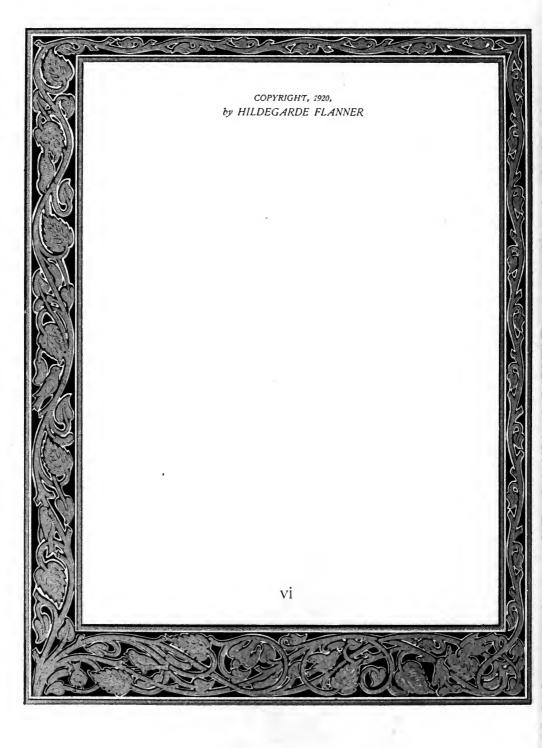
AND OTHER POEMS

BY HILDEGARDE FLANNER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND DECORATIONS
BY PORTER GARNETT



SAN FRANCISCO
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION BY
H.S.CROCKER COMPANY, INCORPORATED
MDCCCCXX





HE publication of this volume of verse by Miss Hildegarde Flanner has been undertaken by the Crocker Press not only because some of the poems it contains were selected by the committee of award for the Cook Prize at the University of California, but also because Miss Flanner's poetry has proved with such frequency its power to move and to give pleasure to persons who have read it, or who have heard it read. The publishers feel, moreover, that the selection is an appropriate one because it is representative of California.

Although the author is not a Californian by birth, the poems here collected were all written while she was a student at Berkeley, and to claim them therefore as Californian is not perhaps a too flagrant exhibition of that acquisitiveness for literary and artistic personalities with which we of the extreme West have, at times and not without some color of truth, been charged. But the point is not an important one, for, since these poems have come out of California, and since, in thought and atmosphere, they so subtly reflect their provenience, may

we not offer them here as a gift from this far shore, with confidence that they will in the future speak for our desire to foster creative ability that is unfolded among us though it be not native to our soil?

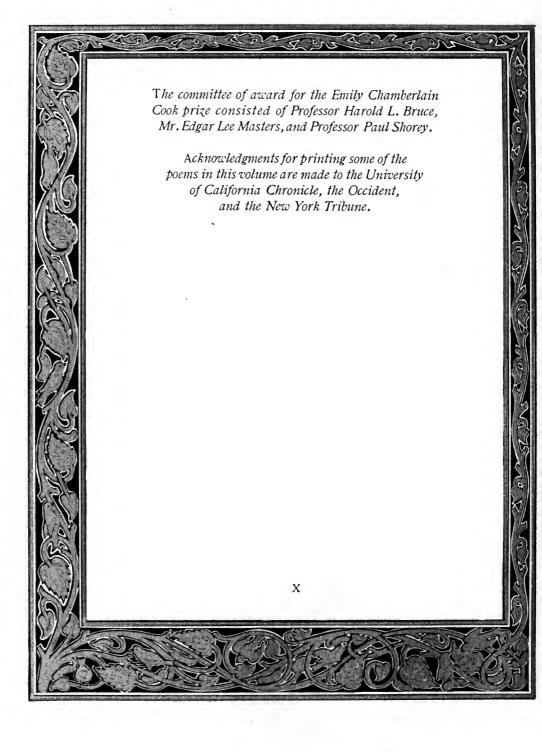
There is in this approaching voice a fresh music that is quite its own. Its cadences, never severely patterned, possess an unfailing grace, and match a sensitive word-play, which in apperceptive images, gives us a spontaneous and valid transcription of emotion and expresses a vision at once various, intense, and delicate. This naïve but illuminating diction is secure in the poet's instinctive acceptance of the artist's obligation to express himself always with sincerity, personality, and style, and we welcome in the freshness of her images a happy avoidance of imitative thought, of the approximate phrase, and of the *cliché*.

The typographic and decorative dress with which these lyrics have been clothed will, we hope, appeal to the friends of the Crocker Press as an earnest and conscientious effort to maintain a worthy standard in "the art preservative of all the arts."

PORTER GARNETT.

viii

CONTENTS YOUNG GIRL PAGE This Morning Ι Garden 2 Mood 5 Confession 6 OTHER POEMS Discovery 7 "Birch Grove"—Boris Anisfeld 9 The Singer 10 Birds 11 ix





FTER the emotion of rain
The mist parts across the morning
Like the smile of one
Who has laughed in sleep
And cannot remember why.

The damp road companions my feet
And is a friend to every step.
Above me winter goldfinches
Cling like fruit
To the delighted birch trees;
And the studious earth,
Thinking what flowers to speak in next,
Moves restlessly with small, wise birds
Who read the tucks in the moss,
The symbols on the beetle-wings,
And the comedies on pink and yellow pebbles,
Which I am too tall to see.



I. PORTULACA

OME day I might die
For fear they cannot hear me laugh When I am being buried,
Come and be merry on my grave,
O cerise and yellow darlings,
So that my friends may say,
"It seems to me I hear her voice."

II. COLUMBINE

THERE is an eager hillside
Thirsting to a lake,
And on the sands a hundred toads
Trilling to awake
A band of ghosts with yellow brows
Who stretch green hands and rise
To look along their happy limbs
With cherry-colored eyes.



I SHALL hide my discretion
In your willing brightness
And give you to a snail to hold,
And say,
"Catch me if you can,
I am going to China."

IV. TIGRIDIA

ET three naked men Carry me across the jungle. There is a broken temple Where I must meet the new moon At sunrise.

V. PURPLE IRIS

I COULD drown In one deep petal.



THEY say that my grandmother often picked you And placed your quaint perfume At her tight girdle.

My grandmother Did Vergil into French And then had seven children.

.... I shall not pick you, Dianthus.

VII. SUNFLOWER

YOU must have more wisdom than any,
For the sun tells you
What God says,
And the wild canaries tell you
What it is
To be a yellow motion
In the air.

MOOD

Y shadow going on before Flutters like a leaf, But it can never reach the door Before my grief. My grief goes first and takes the key To open the door and welcome me. He offers me a lonely cup Full of lily wine And says, "Come sister, share this drink, Yours and mine." He weds a pale blue candle To a loving flame And, holding it before his lips, Breathes over it my name. He lays his forehead to my knee And I stroke his sorrowing hair. The look of it beneath my hands Is soft and fair. He opens his mouth and sings one note That strikes like rain against my throat; Then he leads me jealously to bed, Lest I meet my dreams uncompanied.... What a desolate thing my house would be If grief were not there to welcome me.



HERE is an angel
Whose thoughts at morning
Are like a newly broken pomegranate,
And whose words at noon
Are golden ice
Warmed into music.

There is an angel Whose eyes are like fuchsias Whoever sits beneath them Desires forthwith to be a passionate vine And bear a flower.

There is an angel
Whose steps are slower than white clover,
For each motion
Is so heavy with beauty
That swiftness dies beneath the burden.

.... But I would rather live blessedly with you Than go expectantly to heaven.



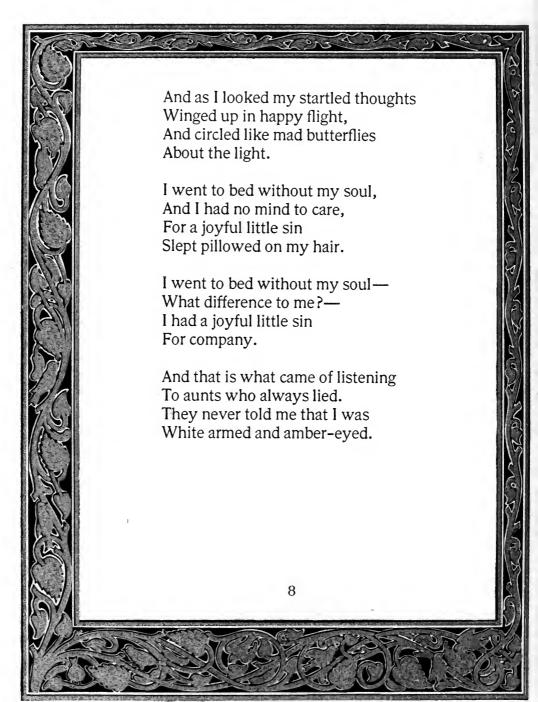
NTIL my lamp and I
Stood close together by the glass,
I had not ever noticed
I was a comely lass.

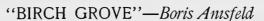
My aunts have always nodded, "Sweet child,
She has a gentle soul
And mild."

And so, one night, I took my lamp and said "I'll look upon my gentle soul Before I go to bed."

I could not find it; no, But gazing hard I spied Something much more near to me, White armed and amber-eyed.

And as I looked I seemed to feel Warm hands upon my breast, Where never any hands but mine Were known to rest.





"Je peins ce que je sens, pas ce que je vois."

CANNOT find a path there For mortal feet at all, Where the shepherd boy is golden air And the leaves are a waterfall.

I cannot wantonly intrude Into that pagan solitude, Where little dream-goats in a row Trot quaintly, primly to and fro.

One hand upraised would be to crush The wonder-strung fragility Of trees that with a slow, still rush Flow down from high infinity.

There is a chain I cannot sever There is a wall that never, never I watch the little dream-goats pace Within that dim and dryad place.



OME one is coming down the street singing
With his carol-book held out to you.
Come and lean against his broad, dusty shoulder.

He sings the beautiful, gnarled hands of factories

And the eyes that shine in a dark slum. He sings a mighty melody for friendship And a tender consolation for dishonor.

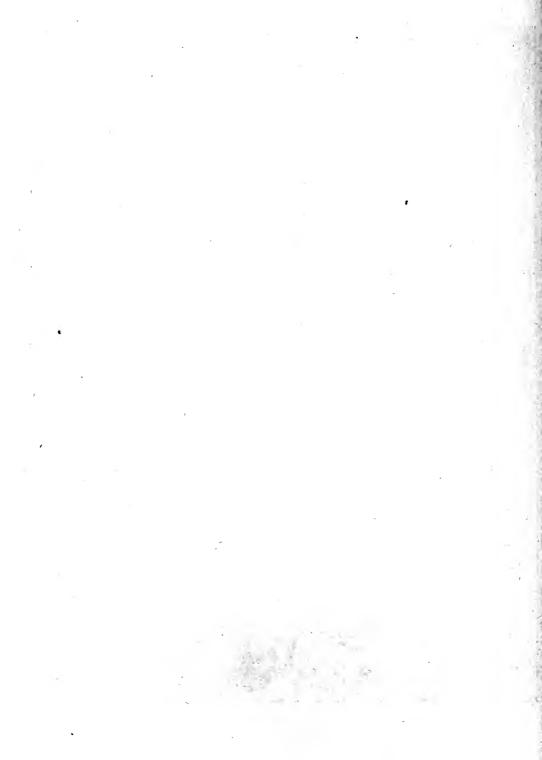
He sings valleys that hide the foxes, Yellow pools along the sea-beach. The red gates of day And the black gates of prisons, With always and always the same refrain— Democracy, Myself, America!



BELOVED, the black swans of my eyes Are loosed to your behest, And must I still keep caged from you The white swans of my breast?

My hands, like slender pigeons, Flutter the whole day through. Did you not know the little things Home unto you?

My lips, like slim canaries, Sing when I hear you speak. Beloved, bend and stroke once more The finches of my cheek.





PRINTED AT SAN FRANCISCO
IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER. MDCCCCXX
BY H. S. CROCKER COMPANY, INCORPORATED
THE TYPOGRAPHY DESIGNED
BY PORTER GARNETT



